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Class 2236


Book 5

17512

Historic Mount Independence



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Description of Marker



THE MONUMENT at Mount Independence is a beautiful granite shaft, fourteen feet high. Its foundation is a solid rock near the shore of the lake, opposite the ruins of Fort Ticonderoga.

The second base, or die, bears the inscription on its north side :

MOUNT INDEPENDENCE,
NAMED BY TROOPS CAMPED HERE,
WHERE THEY FIRST RECEIVED WORD
OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
JULY 18TH, 1776.

On the west side :

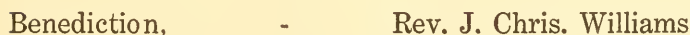
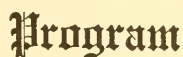
MEMORIAL TO THE BRAVE SOLDIERS
BURIED HERE FROM 1775 TO 1784
IN UNMARKED GRAVES,
AND TO THE MILITARY IMPORTANCE
OF THIS MOUNT
IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

On the south side :

ERECTED BY HAND'S COVE CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION,
1908.

Following is the program of the dedication of the Mount Independence Marker at Mount Independence in Orwell, Vermont, August 20th, 1908.

**“ And here for a thousand years may grateful generations of
Americans come to rehearse the glorious story.”**





Marker Committee

Mrs. C. E. Abell

Miss Jessie M. Griswold

Mrs. W. B. French



Committee of the Day

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Bascom

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Moore

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Miller

Mr. and Mrs. Addison Kimball

C. N. North C. E. Abell





Historic Mount Independence

Hon. R. O. Bascom

MADAM REGENT, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

I CONGRATULATE you upon the completion of your labors in the erection of this monument on this historic spot. It is with unfeigned pleasure that I come today at your behest to participate in the ceremonies of the dedication of this stone. There is always a pleasure in surveying the scenes made memorable by great events, but to me there comes today the added pleasure of a return to scenes made dear by the memories of youth.

“How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;”
The mountain, the lake and the deep tangled wildwood,
“And every loved spot which my infancy knew.

“Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.”

I am glad to revisit in company with you the fair
land the fathers loved and which we also love :

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my Native Land.”



I am glad to come back to the peaceful homes in the good old town of Orwell, back to the meadows green and wooded hills, back to her mountains and the lake; back from the soil of strife and care; back to the familiar faces of the friends of yore; glad to meet with this patriotic organization, which has done so much to inculcate the love of father-land; glad to meet with your Chapter and "count those happy who with bright regard look back upon their father's father, and with joy recount their deeds of grace, and in themselves value the latest link in the bright chain of sequence," who with fond regard look forward in the hope that the children's children shall yet the chain prolong, that they in their turn shall with pride recall their father's father and their mother's mother in the years that are yet to come.

It is fitting that upon this Mount, taking its name as it does from the great Charter of American Liberties, we should today for a moment turn aside from our accustomed occupations and recall the days and times of those whose deeds made this spot memorable.

"By successive deeds of daring, by bloody foray, by the romance of border warfare, by the conflict of fleets and armies, the waters and the shores of Lake Champlain have been consecrated as the classic ground of America." As we stand here, upon this mount, there is spread before us a vision of unrivaled interest. These shores have resounded with the war-whoop of the savage; they have echoed with the rattle of French musketry, and re-echoed with the booming of English cannon.

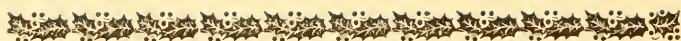
The works on Mount Independence, the ruins of which still remain to remind us of the days that tried



men's souls, were an essential part of the fortifications on yonder promontory, which we know as Fort Ticonderoga, the name and fame of which are forever joined with the history of the great struggle between France and England, and between England and America.

On the morning of the 18th of July, 1776, just after the beating of the reveille, a courier reached the camp of the Americans, posted on this hill, with a copy of the Declaration of Independence. A salute of thirteen guns was fired in honor of the new nation, and the hill was named Mount Independence. The works here were built for the greater part in that year, and in conjunction with those on the opposite side of the lake were designed to command Lake Champlain, and to protect Albany, New York and New England from the expeditions of the British from the north.

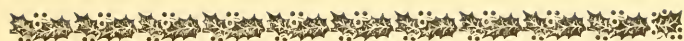
Communication between Mount Independence and Ticonderoga was maintained by means of a huge floating bridge, four hundred yards long ; it was supported by twenty-two sunken piers of very large timbers, and the spaces were filled with separate floats, each about fifty feet long and twelve feet wide, strongly fastened together with iron chains and rivets. Above the bridge was a boom composed of large timbers, secured together by iron bolts, and on this boom was placed a double iron chain, the links of which, it is said by Thatcher, were one and one-half inches square. The construction of the bridge, boom and chain was a source of great labor and expense. They were designed to serve the double purpose of keeping communication open between Fort Ticonderoga and



Mount Independence, and to operate as a barrier to any vessel that might attempt to pass these works from the north. The bridge was finished about the first of November, 1776. Lieutenant Hadden, an officer in Burgoyne's army, made a map of the fortifications at this place in 1777, and this bridge is shown upon his sketch to have extended from the Grenadiers' battery on the Ticonderoga side to the water battery on Mount Independence.

The water battery on the shore of Mount Independence was designed as a protection against hostile shipping, as well as to command the immediate vicinity of the lake and of the landing at the bridge, while further up on the Mount was a semi-circular battery, commonly called the Horseshoe battery, which mounted six or eight guns, the rear entrance to which was protected with a breastwork of logs. To the north and a little to the west of the Horseshoe battery were barracks surrounded by a stockade.

The works here and on the other side of the lake were finally completed under Colonel Anthony Wayne. In November, 1776, the fort on Mount Independence was finished by the erection of a palisade of wooden pickets, and outside of this was an abattis. Lieutenant Digby, who was with Burgoyne's army in 1777, said in describing the works here: "On the eastern shore of the inlet and opposite to Ticonderoga they had taken still more pains in fortifying a high and circular hill, to which they gave the name of Mount Independent. On the summit of this, which is a table-land, they had erected a star fort, enclosing a large square of barracks, well fortified and supplied with artillery. The foot of the mountain, which on



the west side projected into the water, was strongly entrenched to its edge, and the entrenchment well lined with heavy artillery. A battery about half way up the Mount sustained and covered the lower works." The fort here was sixteen hundred yards distant from the summit of Mount Defiance, while Fort Ticonderoga was but fifteen hundred yards distant from the same point.

Among the troops stationed here in 1776 was the 18th Continental regiment, which began its march for Ticonderoga from Boston on the 8th day of August. On the 21st of that month they crossed the Connecticut river and reached Springfield, Vt. On the 26th they reached Rutland, and on the 28th they crossed Otter Creek and proceeded to Castleton. The teams and baggage did not get over Otter Creek until the 30th, when the regiment marched into the woods to Poultney river. On September 1st they reach Skenesboro, now Whitehall, and the next day embarked on batteaux and proceeded down the lake to this point. The batteaux were about thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide, and were provided with a mast where a blanket could be put up for a sail when the wind was favorable.

Some of the regiments came from regions more remote and were longer on the road. Mention is made of troops from Connecticut, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Vermont. The Northern army at this time was under the command of General Philip Schuyler, with General Horatio Gates second in command.

When the men reached this place they had no tents and were lodged in a long storehouse until the barracks



were completed. The barracks and the parade ground were finished early in September. During the summer and fall of 1776 a large part of the army here was engaged in throwing up the entrenchments, in mounting the guns and securing a store of provisions. There was such a deficiency of entrenching tools that the men were divided into squads, so that the tools could be kept in use all the time. The care and use of the spades, shovels and pickaxes was a source of constant solicitude on the part of the officers in charge of the works.

It is only a scant and fragmentary view that we can obtain of the daily life of the men here. Few are the records that remain to enlighten us in this respect, but from these few scattered lights some faint glimpses may be obtained, as through a glass darkly, of what these men did and how they lived and what they endured. On special occasions we read that fresh meat was issued to the soldiers at the rate of four sheep to each regiment. Pork barrels were ordered to be collected, and delivered to the quartermaster so that they could be used for the purpose of salting beef, and upon one occasion the commissary was directed to issue one and one-half pounds of beef, together with a pound of flour, to each man, and the troops were directed to keep three days' rations prepared for use in case they were unexpectedly called upon to march.

The weather during the fall of 1776 was stormy, and the soldiers suffered much from exposure. In wet weather the men were served with half a gill of rum, and if it was very wet they had a gill. The sutlers from Connecticut were forbidden to sell

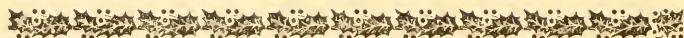


spirituous liquors to any man except from Connecticut without an order from the captain of the guard. A violation of this regulation was punished by martial law. From the fact that a sutler was punished for selling beer, it is not difficult to infer that even in the good old days there were violations of the excise law.

Water casks were directed to be placed at each alarm post, so that water should be convenient for the men at all times, and it was further directed that a quantity of rum was also to be kept handy, for the order says: "The enemy can have no reasonable hope of destroying this army unless the troops posted in the redoubts and the advanced guards suffer themselves to be surprised."

The price of liquor was regulated by the military authorities. Good West India rum sold for four shillings a quart, French brandy five shillings a quart, the best kind of Geneva three shillings a pint, common rum three shillings nine pence a quart. Such is the antiquity of the canteen, which might itself claim a revolutionary ancestry, and if it was not a D. A. R. it seems to have been a S. A. R.; thus did the tares and the wheat all grow together.

The men were armed with guns of various calibre. Each regiment had an armorer, whose business it was to repair and fit up the arms of the regiment, and the men were directed to be supplied with eighteen rounds of ammunition. They were forbidden to discharge their firearms either in gaming or sport. The practice was declared to be scandalous and those who were found guilty of this offense were sentenced to pick oakum for two days for the use of the fleet. Apparently the supply of bullets was insufficient, for upon



one occasion at least the commanding officers were directed to issue a quarter of a pound of buckshot to each soldier fit for duty. A vein of black flint was discovered upon the Mount, and the officers were commanded to make inquiry in their companies to ascertain if there were any old countrymen in the companies who understood hammering gun flints, and if so these men were to report at headquarters. The soldiers were also provided with poles, twelve feet long, which were furnished with sharp iron points to be used against assailants as they mounted the breast-works. The men on the fleet were also armed with these spears, and all that could be spared from the shipping were directed to be delivered to the soldiers for the defense of the French lines and redoubts.

The financial rewards of patriotism have never been large, but it may be of interest to know that in those days a colonel received seventy-five dollars a month, while privates received the munificent compensation of six dollars and 67 cents per month, and as a special inducement to encourage enlistments, in October of 1776 a bounty of twenty dollars in money was offered, and in addition a complete suit of clothing of the value of twenty dollars more. The suit of clothes consisted of two linen hunting shirts, two pair of stockings, two pair of shoes, one pair of breeches, one waistcoat, two pair of overalls and one leather cap, and in addition one hundred acres of land at the close of the war, and this was thought to be such an "ample and generous gratuity from the United States that the general is convinced that no American will hesitate to enroll himself to defend his country's posterity from every attempt of tyranny to enslave them."



The regulation equipment for a soldier at this period in the Continental army was "a good firearm with a steel or iron ramrod with a spring to retain the same, a worm, priming wire and brush, a bayonet fitted to the gun, a scabbard and belt therefor, a cutting sword or tomahawk or hatchet, a pouch containing a cartridge-box that will hold fifteen rounds of cartridges at least, a hundred buckshot, a jackknife and tow for wadding, six flints, one pound of powder, forty leaden bullets fitted to gun, a knapsack, blanket and a canteen or wooden bottle sufficient to hold one quart." The commissary was provided with clothing, and soldiers were permitted to purchase what they needed for their comfort. This Continental store was in the old fort, which must mean that it was on the Ticonderoga side. The men on both sides of the lake were expected to hold themselves in readiness to march or embark for whatever place or part of the camp that might need their support. The guards at the batteries, which were placed near the cove under Mount Independence, on the west side, were to suffer no boats to be taken without a written order from the commanding officer of the brigade. In case an engagement should occur on the Ticonderoga side the wounded were to be conveyed to the general hospital on the Mount, and the boats were ordered to be constantly ready at the carpenter's shop in the cove for this purpose.

The officers on both sides of the lake were exhorted by their example to give life and spirit to the men under their command, and they were also charged to take particular care that all the tents in camp might be kept clean and unhurt, so that they might serve in



another campaign. Flour was transported from Fort George, at the upper end of Lake George, to Fort Ticonderoga, and we read of a detachment of a hundred men who were directed to proceed with axes to cut trees across the Crown Point road. The guards were to be very attentive to the sentries, especially along toward morning. A private was found guilty by court martial of sleeping at his post, but upon its being proved that he was sick at the time, punishment was remitted. Fines that were imposed for the punishment of officers were appropriated for the use of the sick.

On the 14th of October an attack was hourly expected, and the regiments were ordered to be under arms at four o'clock in the morning, to repair in silence to the alarm post, and remain there till broad daylight. The officers were to see that arms and ammunition were at hand so that they might be ready for use during any hour of the night. The general urged that the men should be cool and deliberate in firing, and never throw away a shell. On the occasion of an alarm upon the Ticonderoga side, the general publicly thanked the army on the Mount for the spirited manner in which they crossed the lake, upon being ordered to reinforce the French lines and redoubts.

It is not difficult to see from the names of the men that the United States then, as now, was a cosmopolitan country. The officers and soldiers were many of them from the good old Puritan and Pilgrim stock, but when we read that Michael Ryan is appointed brigade major for Mount Independence, we realize that the sons of the Emerald Isle fought side by side



with the descendants of those who landed at Plymouth Rock. The names of Michael McGee and Allen McDaniel suggest a Scottish ancestry, George Erickson must have been a Swede, while Ichabod Ward and Colonel Courtland were undoubtedly respectively of Knickerbocker and French descent. The Rev. Ammi Robbins, a Connecticut chaplain, who was here in 1776, has left a diary in which he speaks of the great amount of sickness prevailing among the men. It is described as intermittent fever, or camp fever, and from this disease many soldiers died and were buried here. He says the woods swarmed with men, and that the militia are constantly arriving; in one brigade there is only one officer fit for duty; in one regiment only fifty men fit for service; in every tent one or more are sick. The privations, the sickness and misery in the camp here at this time were very great.

Jones, in his history of the Northern campaign, says: "The story of the suffering, the zeal, the patience, the patriotism, the perseverance, the valor of the men who won the victory at Ticonderoga should be held in grateful remembrance by their countrymen to the latest generation. Like the story of Valley Forge, it is not told in startling deeds of blood. Though but a few had perished by the sword, yet five thousand who had gone out at the call of their country never returned.

More than one out of every three became victims of pestilence, want and exposure, and many of those who passed through the campaign came out of it with broken constitutions to fill premature graves."



“ Their bones lie on the northern hill,
And by the southern plain;
By brook, and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.
The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood the land was bought,
The land we love so well.”

A large part of Arnold's fleet was constructed here. On the 13th of October occurred the celebrated engagement on Lake Champlain between the Americans and British near Plattsburg. The British destroyed or captured eleven of our boats, and but five escaped. Following this disaster the greatest alarm prevailed at this place, as it was anticipated that an attack would be made upon the land forces. Strict watch was kept for the enemy day and night, and on the 28th they appeared. A general alarm was sounded for the army to man the forts. At this time thirteen thousand American soldiers were under arms on this and the other side of the lake. The enemy withdrew without making an attack, and this in reality ended the northern campaign of 1776. The next year the English, reinforced by the German troops, embarked upon the campaign which saw the capture of Ticonderoga and terminated at Saratoga with the surrender of Burgoyne.

Lieutenant Digby, who has been mentioned before, says: “That on the 4th of July, 1777, about noon, we took possession of Sugar Loaf Hill, on which a battery was immediately ordered to be raised. It was a post of great consequence, as it commanded a great part of the works of Ticonderoga, all their vessels, and likewise afforded us the means of cutting off their





communication with Fort Independent. A place also of great strength and the works very extensive, but here the commanding officer was reckoned guilty of a grave oversight in lighting fires on that post, though I am informed it was done by the Indians, the smoke of which was perceived by the enemy in the fort. They no sooner perceived us in possession of a post which they thought quite impossible to bring a cannon up to, than all their boastings of holding out to the last and choosing rather to die in their works than to give them up, failed them. On the night of the 5th they set fire to different parts of the garrison, kept a constant fire of great guns the whole night, and under the protection of that fire and clouds of smoke they evacuated the garrison, leaving all their cannon, ammunition and great quantities of stores. On the 6th, at the first dawn of light, three deserters came and informed that the enemy were retreating the other side of Mount Independent. The general was, without loss of time, made acquainted with it, and the pickets of the army were ordered to march and take possession of the garrison and hoist the king's colors, which was immediately done. From the fort we were obliged to cross a boom of boats between that place and Mount Independent, which they in their hurry attempted to burn without effect, as the water quenched it, though in some places we could go but two abreast, and had they placed one gun so as the grape shot could take the range of the bridge, they would in all probability have destroyed all or most all of us on the boom."

It is generally stated that the burning of the house of General De Fermoy upon Mount Independence was



the occasion of discovering to the British the evacuation of Ticonderoga by Americans. Rowland Robinson, in one of his Vermont novels, treats the burning of this house as the result of an accident. General St. Clair has been criticised by some historical writers for the evacuation of the fortress.

A distinguished and honored friend has called to my attention the account of this event by General William Hull, a brave and efficient officer, written on the 17th of July, 1777, when he had reached a point about four miles below Fort Edward. Time forbids that I should avail myself of all the interesting details contained in this letter. General Hull says: "That the American forces at this time consisted of four thousand men, including the artillery and artificers, who were not armed and a considerable part of which were militia; that about three thousand men were fit for duty. Burgoyne's army consisted of about eight thousand men, with a lake force consisting of three fifty-gun ships; a thunderer, mounting eighteen brass twenty-four pounders; two thirteen-inch mortars, a number of howitzers, several sloops, gunboats, etc. Two batteries were erected in front of our lines on higher ground than ours; within half a mile of our left they had taken post on a very high hill everlooking all our works. Our right would have been commanded by their shipping and batteries they had erected on the other side of the lake, so that our lines at Ticonderoga would have been of no service—that we should then have been necessitated to retire to Fort Independence. The moment we left Ticonderoga they could sail their shipping by us and prevent our communication with Skenesbourough. Then the only



avenue to and from Fort Independence would have been a narrow neck of land leading from the Mount to the Grants. To this neck they had almost cut a road; a day more would have completed it." I may here add that while the English landed on the New York side, the Germans landed on the Vermont side and marched toward Mount Independence.

"We might have stayed at the Mount as long as our provisions would have supported us. We had flour for thirty days and meat sufficient only for a week. Under these circumstances, Gen. St. Clair, on the 16th inst., called a council of war and evacuation was unanimously agreed upon as the only means of saving the army from captivity. At the dawn of day we left Fort Independence," and General Hull adds: "I cannot say that the march was conducted with the greatest regularity." The road from the Mount to Hubbardton, in its general direction, no doubt pursued the course of the present highway.

Judge Bottum, in his history, says: "That it probably passed on the southern side of East Creek, to a point about a mile and a half southwest of the village; thence south, crossing the creek near the south line of the town and near the place occupied by the old Fair Haven turnpike."

He mentions various places where traces of this road were yet to be seen. To that description I desire to add that a little ways south of the present road, up the hill that passes the residence of Oliver Bascom, there was, within my memory, and no doubt there is still to be seen, plain traces of a road up the hill, and when, some years since, the flat at the bottom of the hill was for the first time plowed, an old bayonet was



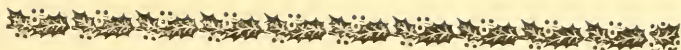
uncovered, which I still have in my possession. If the industry and observation of the present generation should be sufficient to establish the route of this road, its course might appropriately be marked by suitable monuments.

Following the evacuation of Ticonderoga by St. Clair and the retreat of the fleet from Mount Independence, came the battles of Hubbardton and Bennington, and the capitulation of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Upon these stirring events we cannot dwell today; but after the surrender of Burgoyne the works here were again reoccupied by the Americans, and a small garrison was retained for some length of time; but with the close of the war the military importance of the place disappeared, the fortress and the earthworks beneath the conquering hand of time have fallen into decay, the trenches are filled up, the palisades have rotted down, the artillery has been removed, the batteries are overgrown with underbrush, the mortar has crumbled from the stone, the barracks have been torn down, and the graves of the soldiers have become almost obliterated.

“Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the Saints, we trust.”

And where once the land was filled with war and rumors of war, where cannon frowned from the port-holes of yonder fortress, and the breastworks here bore many guns looking upon the lake, where the woods were filled with tents and the tents with men, all is now peace and quietude and repose.

The struggles and trials of those days are gone, and the men who endured and suffered and bore them are gone.



“They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why,
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all.”

From the conflict here between the Sieur Champlain and the Iroquois chieftains came the era of French domination; from the battle on yonder shore between Montcalm and Abercrombie came the domination of the English on the heights of Abraham; from the assault upon the fort by Ethan Allen, “In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress,” followed as it was by the expedition of Burgoyne and his surrender at Saratoga, came the triumph of the American colonists and the establishment of an empire more opulent than any of which the fathers had ever dreamed, more potent than the wisest seer ever foretold, more populous than was the Roman Empire in the day of its brightest glory, with a civilization brighter and greater than the world had ever known before, and withal its humblest citizen might boast a freedom greater and liberties broader than had ever before been conceived, and so upon this historic shore, in this beautiful valley of the lake, where the eye rests upon a landscape made memorable by the conflict of Champlain with the Indians, by Montcalm’s victory and Abercrombie’s defeat, where the Black Watch charged, where Lord Howe fell, where Amherst came in triumph, where Ethan Allen won immortality, where the English legions came under Burgoyne, and where with him came Major General William Phillips of the Royal Artillery and member of Parliament, Brigadier Frazier, of the Light Brigade, of whom Burgoyne says, “He was devoted to glory



and prodigal of life," the Earl of Balcarres, who for thirty years sat in the House of Lords, Mayor John Dyke Ackland, of the Grenadiers and member of Parliament, James Henry Craig, afterwards Governor-General of Canada, Reidesel, Baum, Breyman, La Corne St. Luc, who survived the defeat of Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, here where St. Clair, Schuyler, Gates and Wayne came to play a part in the mighty dramas that have shaped the destiny of nations and moulded the world's history; on this theatre, the stage of which is beneath our feet and within the ken of our naked eye, as we stand here, by the margin of this lake, beneath the shadows of mighty mountains, now clothed with vestments of verdure, where summer winds sing songs of peace and pleasure, which, when the constellations change, give place to robes of brilliant hue and nameless dyes, and where, when winter spreads her robes of white upon the mountain and the lake, and locks in silence all the rippling waters, that make melody today, where the storm wind like a beast of prey leaps from his lair and the mountains turn to domes and towers of encrusted silver, and shine like the raiment of the angel that came down from heaven, and the naked trees decked with argent filigree—at this enchanted spot, where the waters from the east and west debouch into the bosom of the lake, where the iron road runs by that knits the northland to the south, where boats ply back and forth, weaving the web and woof of the commerce of the nation, where the skylark sings at morning tide his song of joy, where robins chant their noonday melody, and whip-poor-wills sing the even-song; by the bridge and by the ferry, by the mount



and by the mountain, by the grass-grown earthworks of the ancient wars, by the crumbling walls of yonder fortress, by the unmarked graves of the patriot dead, "where the asters nod to the goldenrod," where the immortelle grows wild, where daisies bloom, where the creeping juniper tells its legend of human blood, where the cone trees rear their graceful form, where rugged mountains form the sky line of the picture, where Italian sunset emparadise the night, "where all the air a solemn stillness holds," on this place of sacrifice, this mount of travail, upon this camping-ground of glory, this field of fame, this bivouac of the dead,

"Where honor walks, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,"

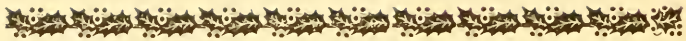
the Hand's Cove Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have raised this monument to mark a spot of historic interest in the highway of the nation's life.

To do honor to the heroic dead, to commemorate their virtues, to recall their privations, their trials and their hardships, to signalize their courage and bravery, to inculcate a reverence for the memory of those men who here gave their lives a free-will offering to liberty and freedom, to those who

"Stood and saw the future come,
On through the fight's delirium,"

to tell the story of the heroic past to all who shall come after us through all the countless years of time, in honor of the past, a voucher for the present, an inspiration for the future, with the prayer that the heritage the fathers won shall be handed down

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untarnished and unimpaired, gaining something in lustre and somewhat in volume as it passes from hand to hand in the sublime procession of the generations.

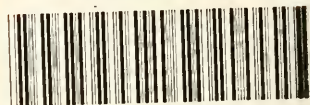
That these events thus commemorated and the lives thus honored may bear fruitage of an evergrowing, greater, better, nobler manhood in the progress of the ages, that the cradle places of a great nation may not be forgotten in the growth of empire, that the sterling virtues of the fathers may be reproduced in the sons, that mothers shall yet give birth to sons who can say, as did their sires, in the eternal strife between right and wrong:

“Though death’s pale horse lead on,
The chase shall yet be dear.”

In the trust that He who measures the waters with a span and notes the sparrow’s fall, shall hold this nation in the hollow of His hand, to all the long past and all the longer future, the Hand’s Cove Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution dedicate this monument, in the hope that “Here for a thousand years may grateful generations of Americans come to rehearse the glorious story” of the American Revolution.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



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